THE STAR FOR THE SUMMER. THE DAILY STAR will be mailed to persons who may be absent from the city during the summer at the rate of the cents per monta.

THE catalogue of Presidential aspirants is very aptly likened to a Chicago delinquent tax tist.

ROBERT DALE OWEN is, it is stated, recovering his health and reason with wonderful progress.

THE yellow fever is on the decline. All tears of an epidemic even in the South have been dispelled.

THE cheering news of "more work and fewer lawsuits" on the Southern Railway reaches us from Kentucky.

CHIEF JUSTICE LOWE, of Utah, has revigned. A man that has served a term or two as Judge of our Police Court is very hard to please in such matters.

ANOTHER heavy Canadian shee house failed yesterday. Cincinnati has extended her shoe trade well East, and it still looks as if it will soon be to her interest to reach over into Canada. THE American Free Dress League

that St. Louis doctor that administers this country during the past two years, the representation from St. Louis will be temporary. From 1835 to 1870 the most light.

THERE is no present prospect of a shange in affairs at Full River, and it is now probable that the lock-out will continue till September 1. A vote was taken Saturday on the question of resuming work with the following result: Whole number of votes cast, 5,807; to continue vacation, 2,520; to resume work on Tuesday, 1,278.

THE old ships seem to be determined on confirming all that Mr. Plimsoll said. Yesterday one that he denounced as a floating coffin drifted into San Francisco after a voyage of one bundred and ninety days from Liverpool, with the crew ali sick and dying. Three of them were buried in the sea just before the ship reached port.

THE familiar truth that one soweth and another reapeth was never more fully exemplified than in the death of Comstock, who discovered the Virginia City mine, which is such a treasure to its present owners. In poverty and despair, and irritated beyond endurance at seeing the great wealth he had discovered in the possession of others, he committed suicide.

THE assassination of the President of the Republic of Equador-announced in our dispatches of yesterday-was not a matter of so much importance as it appears to us. Revolutions follow in such be the work of our own Exposition and rapid succession, and human life is held that of 1878 to demonstrate the quality of so little value, that the murder of a of our products and the advantages we President and a change of government is to them about such an incident as an election and a change of officials is to us Instead of agitating their questions of governmental policy by discussion and attempting changes at the ballot-box. they generally adopt the more speedy methods of armed resistance to government authority and the assassination of

THE returns are not in, but enough is known to pretty accurately indicate that the call for a Constitutional Convention in Kentucky was voted down by the people. The present instrument is not by any means perfect, but is perhaps as good as one that would be made to supersede it, and the result was in all probability the best that could have occurred. Most of that which is objected to in the present Constitution is more the fault of the laws passed under it than of the instrument itself. The last Constitutional Convention so hadged the method of revising the Constitution with difficulties and delays that the task Is very tedious. Under the most tavorable circumstances it takes seven years to get a new Constitution in force, and to call a convention requires not merely a majority of the votes mast, but also a majority of all the voters of the State. With these restrictions the men who are hungering and thirsting for a first-class job of constitution making are likely to be kept waiting some time. There are many, and some important, changes that might be made in the fundamental laws of the old Commonwealth, but the propriety of calling a Constitutional Convention was, to say the least, very questionable, and the defeat of the measure was a result in the interest of the people and against the wishes of the professional politicians.

OUR Exposition Commission, through special committee from our most prominent citizens, are making prepararations for an unusual display of native eres and iron manufactures. No department of manufacture is more worthy of careful and thorough attention, and the prompt and energetic work of the committee in preparation for the display shows their appreciation of the fact. New countries naturally develop their mineral resources slowly, but the time has fully arrived when America should make a thorough showing of her wealth and ability in this regard, and not only a showing of her natural resources, but also of her facilities for manufacture. The iron manufactures of the United States have been for the past few years gradually growing into notice and gaining in public favor, until England, the great fron producing and manufacturing country of the world, has come to acknowledge that we are at

least a dangerous rival, and fact, our iron industries been, in part, a cause ber financial troubles during past year. Concerning this La Preusa, of Madrid, publishes two most important articles on the iron trade of England and the United States of America, one of which says: "The grave question now discussed in England is the progress made by America in making large iron, which it can do as well, if not cheaper than England; and even in cutlery, America is now trying to compete in the markets of the world with Sheffield and Birmingham; it is of no use, therefore, for the English press to try and cover over those, lacts with a vail, thereby deceiving its readers. The travelers of English firms are returning without orders; or, if any, only sufficient to occupy one-half of the workmen." This tact seems to be realized by the London Times, which says, regarding the English iron trade: "The falling off is evident; North America is supplying itself and other countries with big iron productions, and in cutlery is now the rival of England, Belgium, France and Prussia. · · · The English press. which has done its utmost to hide from the English manufacturers their real danger, is not blameless. It had been represented that America had not the means and power to compete with England, which, before we end, we shall prove to be false." The iron trade has, meets in Philadelphia September 16. If it is true, been somewhat depressed in

"sedative mixtures" has a square swing but the depression is likely to be only of the railroads were built, and the demand for iron was very great. In the benefits of this our iron interests were but just beginning to share, when the financial crash came. The building of railroads in the great West by means of cradits of all kinds had created an undue inflation of the iron trade, and when the railroad collapse came the iron trade necessarily suffered with it, and the depression from which it is just recovering was the result. That this depression is only temporary is evidenced by the interest manifested in the industry and he gradual renewal of activity in all its branches. Rallroad building is gradually beginning to resume with the excellent crop and business prospects, and other branches of industry, in which the aid of the iron manufacturer is needed are again beginning to call for supplies. The railroads are many of them preparing for a change from iron to steel rails, and the manufacture of Bessemer steel rails is likely to receive an impulse which will benefit the manufacturers largely. Our Southern States, as

> possess as the future leaders of the world in this branch of industry. Having a Perfect Understanding. A lady one day wished to order of her German servant, who did not understand English, boiled fowl for dinner. Grettell was summoned, and the experiment began. It was one of the lady's fancies, that the less her words resembled her

> yet only partially developed, give evi-

dence of boundless stores of mineral

wealth, which may be had at a small ex-

perse, and the fact should be thoroughly

made known to the manufacturing world.

The manufacturers and capitalists of

Europe are, as shown above, gradually

coming to a realization of our resources

and abilities in this line, and it should

native tongue, the more they must be Her first attempt was to tell the maid lowing remarkable case of a young bar-The maid opened her eyes and mouth and shook her head.

"It's to cook," said the mistress, "to cook, to put in an iron thing, in a pit, pat,

pot." "Ich understand nich," said the maid,

in Coolentz patois.
"It's a ting to cat," said her mistress, "It's a ting to cat," said her mistress,
"for dinner, deener, with sauce, souce,
zowose. "What on earth am I to do?"
exclaimed the lady—but still made another attempt. "It's a little creature—a
bird—a bard—a bead—a hen—a hone—a
fowl—a fool; it is all covered with leathare. Tubers—fooders."

ers—tathers—feeders!"
"Ha, ha!" cried the delighted German. at last getting hold of the catchword, "ja, ja, fedders-ja, wohl?" and away went Grettel, and in half an bour returned, triumphantly with a bundle of stationer's quills.

The Black Hills Described.

The Black Hills correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, writes as fol-lows in regard to that interesting local-

The Black Hills lie between the 43 deg. 30 min. and 45th parallels of lati-tude and the 103 deg. and 104 deg. 30 min, meridians, comprising an area of

min. meridians, comprising an area of some 9,000 square miles.

The examination of the country has been made by a party of scientific gentlemen, sent out by the Department of the interior, with Prof. Jenney at the head, who has also with him a number of practical miners.

They have found gold on French, Spring, Banid and Castle greeks and

Spring, Rapid and Castle creeks, and colors on some few other ravines, but in no place has it been found in large or no place has it been found in large or paying quantities for panning. Probably French and Spring creeks will, in the course of time, when hydraulics are introduced by men of capital, be thoroughly washed, and probably the investment will be profitable; but, as an old miner told me to-day, "these are not poor men's mines." Soldiers, while off duty, have dug ditches both oh French and Spring creeks, made sluices, and, after working them a few days, abandoned them.

doned them. French creek, thus far, has proved the best in quantity, but on Spring the gold is coarser and better. Some very good specimens of gold quartz, or burnt quartz, has been found in large quantiquartz, has been found in large quantities, but its richness has not been theroughly determined, a proof that it is not remarkably rich. The Hills are juil of miners, who have about given up prospecting, and are sunning themselves and living on venison, anxiously waiting for some one cless to strike something. and living on venison, anxiously waiting for some one else to strike something rich, and then to sail in and gobble it. In fact they are doing nothing but scaring and killing the timid game, to the ditter disgust of the soldiers, who I think would now welcome the command to "clean them all out." There are a thousand of these idlers in the nills to-day, and they represent almost every nation of the globe, every profession and both sexes, and probably more are coming; but, without something better is found,

most of them will return. The wealth of the Black Hills does not lie in its mineral wealth or mining lands, but in its rich, tertile valleys and green hills for pasturage and enormous forest of pine limber. Besides these it has the most delightful climate, the thermometer not rising above 65 deg. or falling below 50 deg, during the twenty-four hours in summer, and nothing above a gentle breeze ruffling the leaves of the quaking ash.

A small shower of rain comes daily, and with vegetation all around seeming to strive for the ascendancy in vigor and luxuriance. The blankets in our tents and clothing in our luggage seem free from damoness. The scenery is of the most superb grandeur. In fact the Black Hills compare to an easis in the desert, rendered doubly enchanting by the passage of the dry, burning, desolate, windy, barren country to reach it. To-day I neard the profer of a bet that in four years the Black Hills would have a population of 50,000 inhabitants. Be this as it may, the settlement of the Black Hills is but a question of time—Indian or no Indian, treaty or no treaty, gold or no gold.

Pulpit and Playhouse. "No sooner is a temple built to God," says George Herbert, "than the devil builds a chapel hard by," and Burton says the same, namely, that "where God hath a temple the devil will have a chapel;" but the ocean wire tells us that a "prominent business man of London" is putting this boot on the other leg, hav-ing bought the Victoria theater since the Moody and Sankey revival, so as to "fit it up for religious work." Will this liberal act fulfill the hopes of the prominent business man?

Churches have been turned into thea-

churches have been turned into thea-ters before this, and theaters into churches; but the general experience is that as the oddity of the transformation soon wears off, the house must depend on its merits for comfort, accessibility, acoustic effect, or what not; while the fact of its once being devoted to other uses passing quickly out of mind, makes the audiences not a whit larger. The true sensation is to hire for religious work a theater which is in full blast on

the days when it is not so occupied.

Then it is that the comparison between the ordinary use and this extraordinary one; the view of the footlights and per-haps of the flat or the side scenes; the rolled up curtain; the seats in pit, and box, and gallery; the thought that yonder where the sacred orator reads the inspired word, last night Othello raved or Shylock cursed—a myriad such bizarre contrasts make the turning of the play-house to a place of prayer extremely

People who are unaccustomed to fine People who are unaccustomed to the theater, and who believe it is the "devil's chapei," may conceivably find a fascination in the very neighborhood, when the ban is by authority taken off—the orchard becomes an object of curiosity though the forbidden truit be removed. Accordingly, to enter the dangerous massayaway—on a Sunday, too—may passageway-on a Sunday, too-ma er's desk covers a trap-door, whence to morrow demons will pop out with blue flames around them; to reflect that the Bl ble has but for a moment eclipsed the ballet; that stage angels will float up yonder ere long, "into the realms of eter-nal bliss," or that yesterday the place where the semi-circle of reverend cler-gymen now sit on the stage was decked with a row of blackened minstrels crack-ing their darkey jokes—all this adds zest to the service. It is an excitement only less keen than the one furnished by the crusaders, when ladies knelt and prayed aloud in grog-shops and dance-halls—places from which they had always shrunk under the religious missnoved them to enter and take a public part. But once build the font or baptismal tank permanently over the trap-door, fill the pit with pews, cause the hymn of praise to drive out forever the conundrums of the end-man or Komeo's rhapsodies, and the transforma-tion is so complete that the very element which gave the theater a presumed ad-vantage over the church for revival services is gone. When a new revival springs up, the leaders will hire another theater, and pass by the one that has been converted into an ordinary church. -The Galaxy for September.

A Bullet Extracted from a Man's Brain. e Louisville Ledger

lowing remarkable case of a young bar-ber in that city named Christ Best, who, some 18 months ago, fired a bullet into his brain in a fit of madness produced by disappointment in a love suit. There was at first no hope of his recovery, but in a day or two layorable symptoms set in and the wounded man continued steadily to improve until after a few months he was able to resume work. The attendant physician had not ventured to attempt the removal of the bullet, and surgical care was only taken to remove such parts of the shattered skull as, from time to time, were discharged During the interval he suffered intensely from neuralgia in the head, and probed a number of times to extract por-tions of bone which pressed upon the brain. Abscesses were continually form-ing, which discharged copiously, after which there was temporary relief.

Last Saturday, Dr. R. O. Cowling, of this city, was called into the case by the attendant physician, Dr. Bodine, to assist in removing another piece of bone, the presence of which had recently caused the most intense agony. An au-cess had also formed; this was lanced cees had also formed; this was hand a profuse discharge followed. probe was introduced and several small pieces of bone extracted. The was thought to be the section of the kull, which the surgeons were looking

Carefully working around it, It was finally brought out and discovered to be the bullet, which had been within the

be the butter, which had been within the brain for a period of eighteen months.

Although under the influence of chloroform, the patient visibly winced as the ball was extrected. Upon coming out of the influence of the anesthetic, however, he was comparatively free from pain, and his surprise and pleasure, when the leaden ball was shown him, may be

The Discomfiture of Fouche.

After the restoration Fouche offered his services to Louis XVIII, and by way of commending nimself assured the king that during his exile he, Fouche, had constantly received and laid before Napoleon exact adcounts of everything that passed in Louis' little 'court at Hartwell house in England. "Indeed," said King Louis, "and who was base enough to sell himself to you?" Fouche affected to nesitate, but the king insisting he finally named the Duke of Aumont. "What, my faithful De Pienne?" exclaimed the king, and added, with a malicious smile, "Well, De Pienne was very poor, and living is dear in England. Do you know, M. Fouche, that I wrote all the letters De Pienne sent you, and the duke handed me regularly the 48,000 frances you were so kind as to sond him?" poleon exact accounts of everything that

THE BRIDGE OF LIFE.

Across the rapid stream of seventy years.

The stender beldge of human life is thrown;
The past and future form its mondering plers.

The present moment is its frail keystone.

Seen by youth's magic light upon that arch, . How lovely does each far-off scene appear! But ah! how changed when on the ouward Our weary footsteps bring the vision near

Twas fabled that beneath the rainbow's foot A treasure lay, the dreamer to bewitch; And many wasted in the vain pursuit The golden years that would have made then

So where life's arch of many colors leads,
The heart expects rich wealth of joy to find;
But in the distance the bright hope recedes,
And leaves a cold gray waste of care behind

A sunlit stream upon its bosom takes
The inverted shadow of a bridge on high,
And thus the arch in air and water makes
One perfect circle to the gazar's eye. So 'tis with life; the things that do appear Are fleeting shadows on time's passing tide Are fleeting shadows on time's passing tide Cast by the sunshine of a higher sphere From viewiess things that changelessly

The real is but the half of life; it needs
The ideal to make a perfect whole;
The sphere of sense is incomplete, and pleads
For closer union with the sphere of soul,
—Good Words.

BILL AND THE WIDOW

"Wife," said Ed. Wilber one morning as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand and holding a plum-cake on his knee with the other; and looked across the table into the bright eyes of his little wife, "wouldn't it be a good jeke to get bacuelor Bill Smiley to take widow Watson to Barnum's Show next week?"
"You can't do it, Ed.; he won't ask
her, he's so awtul shy."
"I think I can manage it," said Ed.;

"but I'll have to lie just a little, I'll just go over to his place to borrow some bags of him, and if I don't bag him before I come back don't kiss me for a week,

Nelly."
So saying, Ed. started, and while he is mowing the fields we will take a look at Bill Smiley. He was rather a good-looking tellow, though his hair and whiskers showed some gray hairs, and whilsters showed some give halfs, and he had got a set of false teeth. But ev-ery one said he was a good soul, and so he was. He had as good a hundred acre farm as any in Norwich, with a new house and everything comfortable, and if he wanted a wife, many a girl would have jumped at the chance like a roos-ter at a grasshopper. But Bill was so grasshopper. But Bill was so the loss of his Sunaa, bashfulbashful—always was—and when Susan Sherrybottle, whom he was so sweet on, though he never said "boo" to her, got married to old Watson, he just drew his head in like a mud-turtle into his shell,

head in like a mud-turtle into his shell, and there was no getting him out again, though it had been noticed that since Susan had become a widow, he paid more attention to his clothes, and had been very regular in his attendance at the church the fair widow attended.

But here comes Ed. Wilbur.

"Good morning, Mr. Smiley."

"Good morning, Mr. Wilbur; what's the news your way?"

"Ch, nothing particular, that I know of," said Ed. "only Barnum's show, that everybody is talking about, and everybody and his girl are going to. I was over to old Sockrider's last night, and I see his son Gus has got a new buggy, and see his son Gus has got a new buggy, and he's got that white-faced colt of his as slick as a seal. I understand he thinks of taking Widow Watson to the show. "Yes," said he, "I bought it the other of taking Widow Watson to the show.

He's been hanging around there a good deal of late, but I'd just like to cut him out—I would. Susan is a nice little woman, and deserves a better man than that young pup of a fellow; though I would not blame her much, either, it she them.

"Yes," said the, "I the buggy. Never mind it."

"But," said she, "It was careless;" and stooping over she picked it up and made a motion to stuff it in between them.

Bill telt her hand going down, and, token him, for she must be dreadfully would not blame her much, either, if she takes him, for she must be dreadfully lonesome; and then she has to let her farm out on shares, and it isn't half worked, and no one else seems to have the spunk to speak up to her. By jingol it I were a single man, I'd show you a trick or two."

So saying, Ed. borrowed some bags and statted around the corner of the harn.

started around the corner of the barn, where he had left Bill sweeping, and put his ear to the knot-hole and listened, knowing the backelor had a habit of talking to himself when anything worried

him.
"Confound that young bagrider!" said Bill, "what business has he there, I'd next?"
like to know? Got a new buggy, has "Whe? Well, so have I, and a new narness, said to and I declare I've half a mind to and I declare I've half a mind to—yes, I will! I'll go this very night and ask her to go to the show with me. I'll show Ed. Wilbur that I ain't such a calf as he thinks I am, if I did let old Watson get

thinks I sm, if I did let old Watson get the start of me in the first place!"

Ed. could scarce help laughing outright, but he hastily hitched the bags on his shoulder, and with a low chuckle at his success, started home to tell the news to Nelly; and at about 5 o'clock that evening they saw Bill go by with his horse and buggy, on his way to the widow's. He jogged along quietly, thinking of the old singing-school days—and what a pretty girl Susan was then and wondering inwardly if he would have more courage now to talk up to her—until, at a distance of about a mile from her house, he came to a bridge, he gave a tremendous sneeze and blew his teeth out of his mouth, and clear over gave a fremenous sneeze and the his teeth out of his mouth, and clear-over the dashboard, and striking on the planks they rolled over the side of the bridge and dropped into four feet of water. Words can not do justice to poor Bill, or paint the expression of his face as he

sat there—completely dumbfounded at his startling piece of ill luck. After a while he stepped out of his buggy, and getting down on his hands and knees, hoked over into the water. Yes, there they were, at the bottom, with a crowd of little fishes rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished to goodagainst them, and Bill wished to good-ness that his nose was as close for one second. His beautiful teeth that had cost him so much, and the show coming on and no time to get another set—and the widow and young Sockrider. "Well, he must try and get them somehow—and no time to be lost, for some one might come along and ask him what he was teeling around there for.

He had no notion of spoiling his clothes by wading in with them on; and besides, if he did he could not go to the widow's that night, so he took a look up and down the road to see that no one and down the road to see that no one was in sight, and then quickly undressed himself, laying his clothes in the buggy to keep them clean. Then he ran around the bank and waded into the almost icy-cold water, but his teeth did not chatter is his head—he only wished they could. Quietly he waded along so as not to stir the mud up, and when he got to the right spot he dropped into the water, and came out with his teeth in his hand, and replaced them in his mouth. But hark! What noise is that? A wagon and a dog barking with all his might, and his horse is starting. "Whoa! whoa! Stop, you brute, you, stop!" But stop he would not, but went off at a spanking pace, with the unfortunate backelor after him. Bill was certainly in capital running costume, but, though he strained

fell out and he slipped it on, and then making a desperate spurt he ciutched the back of the sext and scrambled in, and pulling the buffalo rolfs over his legs, stuffed the other things beneath. Now the horse nappened to be one he got of Squire Moore, and he got it from the widow, and he took it into his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent as he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else. The widow heard the rattling of wheels and looked out, and seeing that it was Smiley, and that he didn't offer to get out, she went to see what he wanted, and there she stood chatting with her white arms on the top of her gate, and her face toward him, while the chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had combined to make some nice little streams of mud that came truckling down his face.

to make some frice into streams of mot that came trickling down his face. She asked him to come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said. Still he did not of-fer to go. He did not like to ask her to pick up his reins for him, because he did not know what excuse to make for not doing it himself. Then he looked down the road behind him, and saw a whitethe road behind him, and saw a white-faced horse coming, and at once sur-mised it was that of Gus. Sockrider! He resulted to do or die, and hurriedly told his errand. The widow would be de-lighted to go, of course she would. But wouldn't he come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said, he had to go on to Green's place.

"Oh," said the widow; "you're going to Green's, are you? Why, I am going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt to-morrow. Just walt a second while I get my bonnet and shawl, and I'll ride with you." And away she

nght wagon drawn by the white-faced horse, driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other, and just as the widow reached the gate again, he said:

"Here's your boots and socks, Mr. Smiley, that you left on the bridge when

Smiley, that you left on the bridge when you were in swimming."

"You're mistaken," said Bill; "they are not mine."

"Why," said the boy, "ain't you the young man that had the race after the horse just now?"

"No, sir, I am not! You had better go on about your business." Bill sighed at the loss of his Sunday boots, and, turning to the widow, said:

switching them out of my hands." The widow compiled, then he pulled one corner of the robe cautiously down as

she got in. "What a lovely evening," said she, "and so warm I don't think we want the robe over us, do we?" (You see she had on a nice new dress

(1 ou see she had on a nice new dress and a pair of new gaiters, and she want-ed to show them.) "Oh, my!" said Bill earnestly, "you'll find it chilly riding, and I wouldn't have you catch cold for the world." She seemed pleased at this tender care for her health, and contented herself with sticking one of her little feet out with a long silk necktie over the end of

"Yes," said he, "I bought it the other

squeeze her hand, why his coat was but squeeze her hand, why his coat was but-toned up so tightly on such a warm eve-ning, and what made his face and hat so dirty, until they were going down a lit-tle hill and one of the traces came unhitched and they had to stop.
"Oh, murder!" exclaimed Bill, "what

"What is the matter, Mr. Smiley?" "What is the widow, with a start which came near jerking the robe off his knees.
"One of the traces is off," answered he.
"Well, why don't you get out and put

"Well, why don't you get out and late it on?"
"I can't," said Bill; "I've got—that is.
I haven't got—on, dear, I'm' so sick!
What shall I do?"
"Why, Willie," said she tenderly,
"what is the matter! do tell me." She
gave his handa little squeeze, and looked
into his pale face; she thought he was
and to laint, so she got out her smellgoing to laint, so she got out her smelling bottle with her lett hand, and pull

ing the stopper out with her teeth, she stuck it to his nose. Bill was just taking in breath for a mighty sigh, and the pungent odor made him throw back his head so far that he lost his balance and went over the low back buggy. The little woman gave a low scream as his bare feet flew past he head; and covering her face with he

hands gave way to tears or smiles—it is hard to tell which.

Bill was "right side up" in a moment, and leaning over the back of the seat humbly apologizing and explaining, when Ed. Wilour and his wife and baby drove up benind and stopped. Poor Bill feit that he would rather have been snot than had Ed. Wilbur caten him in such a scrape, but there was no help for it now, so he called Ed. to him and whispered in his ear. Ed. was like to burst with sup-pressed laughter, but he beckened to his wife to draw up, and after saying some-thing to her, he helped the widow out of Bill's buggy and into his, and the two women went on, leaving the men behind.
Bill lost no time in arranging his toilet as
well as he could, and then with great
persuasion Ed. got him to go home with
him, and hunting up slippers and socks,
and getting him washed and combed,
had him guite presentable when the had him quite presentable when the ladies arrived. I need not tell you how the story was all wormed out of bashiul Bill, and how they all laughed as they sat around the tea-table that night, but will conclude by saying that they went

pace, with the unfortunate bachelor after him. Bill was certainly in capital running costume, but, though he strained every nerve, he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground.

After, while its plug hat shook off the seat and the unind wheel went over it, making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and, after jumping his flat into it, stuck it, all dusty and dimpled, on his head. And now he saw the widow's house on top of the hill, and what, oh what will he do? Then his coat

The Befinement of the French Drame The idea in a French play may be un-healthy and persicious, but its develop-ment is marked by that tendency toward art refinement which characterizes the French in slightey do. Leaving aside the moral question, the ugly is art can hardly be said to exist on the French hardly be said to exist on the French stage. The drunken, sprawling louts with which the eyes of the English-spectator are familiar are not tolerated here. A certain kind of loose dancing, common to the public balls of Faris, which is seen in the theater acrosss the channel and the Atlantic in all its reprehensible extravagance, is only indi-cated on the French stage. I have seen in what is considered one of the better class theaters of London a stout man class theaters of London a stout man drop down with a heavy thump into a woman's lap. This would be objected to here, not so much because of the Im-propriety of the man sitting in such a place, but because of the coarseness of such a position.

For the same reason there is no low consection as in English areasing coun-

For the same reason there is no low comedian, as in English-speaking countries. The drunken buffooner of "Tootles" would not amuse, nor the maudin drolleries of "Diggory." The pulling away of a chair from a person as he sits down would hardly meet with approval in a theater of the Barriers. The Gallie spectator demands an exhibition of the pratty and the graceful in speech acpretty and the graceful in speech, action, and decoration, and in these he is as exacting as he is indifferent in the moral features.—Albert Rhodes, in the Galaxy for September.

there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt to-morrow. Just walt a second while I get my bonnet and shawl, and I'll ride with you." And away she skipped.

"Thunder and lightning!" said Bill, "what a scrape!" and he nastily clutched his pants from between his feet, and was preparing to wriggle into them, when a light wagon drawn by the white-faced horse, driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of is protein growers.

Ashes as a Fertilizer.

Our planters ought to be careful to save all the ashes possible, and apply to the right to the save all the ashes of our lands are wanting in potash, and this is one of the means of supplying them. About many of the large farm-houses large heaps of leached ashes are seen, lying near where the good housewife drops her lye for somp-making. These ashes, as well as all the leached ashes that can be obtained by a little trouble, would add greatly to the yield of our land. There pair of boots in one hand and a pair of is nothing more valuable on most of is nothing more valuable on most of our lands than the ashes which accumulate about every household, and which are usually thrown away. Save and ap-ply your ashes.—Rural New Yorker.

> BAILBOAD TIME-TABLE. ATLANTIC AND GREAT WASTERN.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast. LOUISVILLS AND CINCINNATI SHORT-LINE.

Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 4 minutes slow. Louisville Ex daily 5:55A.M. 6:40P.M. 10:20A.M Louisville (ex Sun). 8:50P.M. 12:45P.M. 7:40P.M Louisville (daily)... 7:50P.M. 45A.M. 11:50P.M MARIETTA AND GINGINNATI.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes

Depot, Fear and Falm. Time, Time, Park by (ex Sun). 8:35a.M. 2:30r.M. 5:35a.M. Park by Ex daily 8:30r.M. 5:35a.M. 7:30r.M. 5:35a.M. 7:30r.M. 9:30a.M. 10:318.M. 9:30a.M. 10:318.M. 9:30a.M. 10:318.M. 9:30a.M. 10:318.M. 6:35a.M. 7:35a.M. 12:35a.M. 12:35a.M. 7:35a.M. 12:35a.M. 12 BALTIMORE AND OHIO, VIA PARKERSBURG. Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Baltimore (ex Sun). 8:35 A.M. 6:35 A.M. 8:40 A. Baltimore, dally...... 8:30 P.M. 2:30 P.M. 6:00 P. Baltimore Ex dally. 11:10 P.M. 6:00 P.M. 10:25 P. BALTIMORE AND OHIO, VIA COLUMBUS. Depot, Kilgour and Front. Time. 7 minutes fast. Baltimore Ex. daily. 7:35 a.m. 5:35 a.m. 8:40 a.m. Saltimore Ex. 7:05 p.m. 6:50 p.m. 10:25 p.m.

ORIO AND MISSISSIFFI.
Depot, Mill and Front. Time. 12 minute

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON. Depot—Fifth and Hoadly. Time—7 minutes facts.
Dayton Ex. daily. 9-19 A.M. 5-00 P.M. 11:55 A.M.
Dayton Ex. daily. 9-50 P.M. 5-50 P.M. 11:55 A.M.
Toledo Ex. daily. 9-50 P.M. 5-50 A.M. 12:55 P.M.
Toledo Ex. daily. 9-50 P.M. 5-50 A.M. 12:55 P.M.
Toledo Ac. 7:50 A.M. 12:55 P.M. 12:55 P.M.
Indianapolis Ac. 7:50 P.M. 12:55 P.M. 12:55 P.M.
Connersville Ac. 4:20 P.M. 12:45 P.M. 7:45 P.M.
Connersville Ac. 4:20 P.M. 12:55 P.M. 12:55 P.M.
Chicago Ex. 7:50 A.M. 12:55 P.M. 12:55 P.M.
Hamilton Ac. 12:54 M.M. 12:55 P.M. 12:55 P.M.
Hamilton Ac. 12:36 P.M. 7:55 A.M. 7:46 P.M.
Hamilton Ac. 12:36 P.M. 7:55 A.M. 12:56 P.M.
Hamilton Ac. 12:36 P.M. 7:55 P.M. 12:56 P.M.
Hamilton Ac. 12:36 P.M. 7:55 P.M. 12:56 P.M.
Hamilton Ac. 12:36 P.M. 7:55 P.M. 12:56 P.M.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

CINCINNATI. HAMILTON AND INDIANAPOLIS.

Chicago Ex. 7:30A.M. - 8:25P.M. 8:40P.M. Richmond Ac. 2:30P.M. 19:55P.M. 7:50P.M. Chicago Ex'dally. 7:00P.M. 8:55A.M. 7:40A.M. GRAND BAPIDS AND INDIANA.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast. Grand Hapids Ac ... 7:30 A.M. 9:35 P.M. 9:35 P.M. Grand Hapids ex Sat. 7:06 P.M. 8:55 A.M. 10:06 A.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND. Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Boston Ex. 7:00.A.M. 5:00r.M. 4:50r.M.
Cleveland Ex. 10:50A.M. 5:00r.M. 4:50r.M.
New York Ex daily 8:40r.M. 5:15A.M. 7:00A.M.
Springfield Ac. 8:50A.M. 8:50r.M. 11:40A.M.
Springfield Ac. 8:50A.M. 8:50r.M. 11:40A.M.
Springfield Ac. 8:50A.M. 8:50r.M. 11:40A.M.
Springfield Ac. 8:50A.M. 8:50r.M. 18:50r.M.
Sharon Ac. 5:50r.M. 7:45A.M. 8:57r.M.
Sharon Ac. 6:40r.M. 6:36A.M. 7:50r.M. DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND COLUMBUS.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time. 7 minutes fast.

Columbus Ex. 7:00A.M. 9:50P.M. 11:16A.M. Columbus &x. 10:50A.M. 3:50P.M. 2:55P.M. 2:55P.M. 10:10P.M. CINCINNATI AND SANDUSKY.

Dep it, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Sandusky Ex. 8:50 a.M. 5:00 p.n. 4:40 p.m.
Bellefontaine Ac. 3:45 p.m. 9:46 a.M. 7:30 a.M.
Sandusky Ex daily. 9:40 p.m. 5:16 a.M. 7:30 a.M.

INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI AND LAPAYETTE. Depot, Pearl and Plum. City time.

WHITEWATER VALLEY. Depot, Pearl and Plum. City tin

Depot, Pearl and Plum.

Cambridge Uity Ac 7.00A.M.

HAGY-FROWN AC. 4.546P.M. 9.536P.M. 9.536P.M.

Connersville Ac. 7.00A.M. 9.50A.M. 9.536.A.M.

Connersville Ac. 7.00A.M. 9.50A.M. 10.52A.M.

Connersville Ac. 4.55P.M. 9.53F.M. 8.53P.M.

KENTUCKY CRNTRAL.

Depot, 8th and Washington, Covington. City time.

Nicholasville Ex. 7.50A.M. 6.50P.M. 12.35P.M.

Nicholasville Ac. 2.00P.M. 11.30A.M. 8.10P.M.

Nicholasville Mix'd. 7.60P.M. 11.30A.M. 8.10P.M.

LITTLE MIAMI, PAN-HAMPLE EAST.

Depot, Front and Kligour. Time, 7 minues fast.

New York Ex daily 7.56A.M. 2.50P.M. 6.53P.M. 6.53P.M.

New York Ex daily 7.56A.M. 2.50P.M. 6.54P.M.

New York Ex daily 7.56A.M. 2.50P.M. 6.54P.M.

New York Ex daily 7.56A.M. 2.50P.M. 6.54P.M.

Zanesville Ac. 10.50A.M. 3.40P.M. 6.54P.M.

Zanesville Ac. 10.50A.M. 3.40P.M. 6.54P.M.

Morrow Ac. 6.50P.M. 8.40A.M. 7.55P.M.

LOveland Ac. 11.30F.M. 7.55P.M. 1.55P.M. 1.55P.M.

Loveland Ac. 11.30F.M. 7.55P.M. 1.55P.M. 1.55P.M.

Loveland Ac. 11.30F.M. 7.55P.M. 1.55P.M. 1.55P.M.

Loveland Ac. 11.30F.M. 7.55P.M. 1.55P.M.

Loveland Ac. 11.30F.M. 1.55P.M. 1.55

CINCINNATI AND MUSKINGUM VALLEY. Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 7 minutes fast, Zanesville Ex......10:00a.m. 3:00r.m. 5:50r.m. Circleville Ac....... 4:10r.m. 10:15a.m. 9:20r.m. COLUMBUS, MT. VERNON AND CLEVELLAND.

Depot, Front and Hilgour. Time 7 minutes fast.

Clevelund Ex....... 7:65a.m. 6:60p.m. 7:35p.m.

CHECAPEARE AND ONIO.

Boat foot of Broadway, to Huntington. City Time. Biohinend Ex...... & Dr. M. 6:00 A.M. & 20 A.M.